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337 MAURICE FIEVET

Peanut pyramid melts as men tote northern Nigeria's chief dollar-earner to boxcars

BLACK AFRICA AT MID-CENTURY

- Nigeria Nears Independence
- Carvings Reflect Native Culture
- Congo Comes to a Classroom
- American Schoolboy in Ethiopia
- Nationalism: The Rising Tide

UMI

from dry thorn and scrub in the north to mangrove swamp in the south. Between are rocky plateau and thick forest.

Nigeria is divided in three: the Northern Region of the Hausa people, the Western Region of the Yoruba tribes, and the Eastern Region of the Ibos. Combined, they form the largest British colonial territory.

The north is tied more closely to Mecca than to the rest of Nigeria. Followers of Mohammed pray five times a day in village mosques whose tall, slim minarets punctuate mazes of low mud houses. Women rarely show themselves without veils. Robed emirs, to whom the British have left most local matters, rule large and powerful courts.

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

The peanut is king of northern crops. Pyramids of sacked nuts awaiting shipment to seaports cluster at rail terminals at harvest time. The cover picture shows workmen dismantling a mountain of peanuts for loading on the train.

The rocky Jos plateau separates dry north from southern forest and swamp. Its pleasant climate makes it a resort area for Europeans. Wandering through the market place in the town of Jos one sees natives from surrounding pagan tribes, clad only in simple tufts of leaves or abbreviated loincloths. Here also nomadic Fulani tribesmen come with their cattle. The wealth of the Jos plateau lies in its mines, chiefly tin and columbite, a rare metal used in jet engines.

The Eastern and Western Regions make up southern Nigeria. The slave trade, from the 15th century until the middle of the 19th century, then palm oil trading, brought Europeans to the Nigerian coast. But malaria and yellow fever stopped them from venturing far inland.

Back from the coast, the old customs of "Dark Africa" prevailed, including, until recent times, cannibalism. The girl of the Niger region, above, in modern cotton dress, wears the cheek scars that identify her tribe—a practice that is dying out. Ornate beaded headgear crowns the head of a native chieftain. Fetish priests tend wayside sanctuaries.

PIX

Two World Wars hastened the development of Nigeria. Western customs and technology are replacing African institutions.

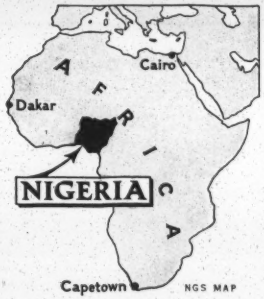
Truck and jeep compete with camel and donkey in the Northern Region. In the Moslem city of Zaria, a newspaper editor, left, discusses chicken breeding with a

GEORGE RODGER, MAGNUM

Nigeria Walks Freedom Trail

SALT MERCHANTS in a Kano province village, garbed in the caps and loose, flowing robes of Islam, dole out their goods in cigarette tins. Behind them stands their village, built of mud centuries ago.

Farther south a girl (below) at a Niger River crossing waits for the ferry in her bright cotton-print bandanna. Villages of thatch huts rise on the banks of the great river.



These scenes mark the Federation of Nigeria, where the north African desert meets the mid-African bush. After 45 years of British rule, the colony will gain independence next year—another milestone in Africa's continent-wide march to self-government (see page 346).

Nigeria is three times the size of the British Isles. Within its 373,000 square miles (which include British Cameroons, a United Nations trusteeship territory) live 35,000,000 people belonging to some 250 tribal groups. It is the most populous country in all Africa. The land ranges

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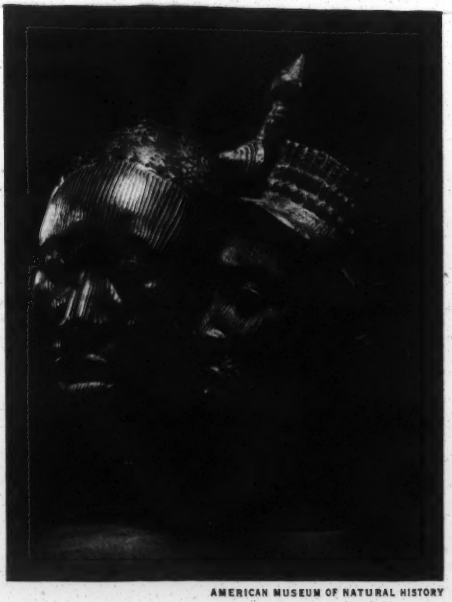
Infant Nation, Ancient Culture

AS NIGERIA BECOMES better known, American and European researchers are uncovering more evidence of a high artistic culture which may have flourished at Ife (pronounced EE-fay) in Nigeria many centuries ago.

Several times during the last 50 years sculptured heads of terra cotta and bronze have been unearthed at Ife, spiritual capital of the Yoruba tribe. Casts of two bronzes appear at right and an original, below. They show facial scars similar to those still worn in Yoruba country. They have so far defied all attempts to solve the mystery of their origin.



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

The realistic and sensitive modeling of the features diverges from the usual primitive African artistic expression, often grotesque and unreal.

Some historians attributed the technical perfection of the sculptures to a link with ancient Greece or Egypt. Others believed the carvings might have Etruscan background. Some say they are between 400 and 500 years old, but the actual age has never been determined.

Another discovery added weight to a theory that the heads are, after all, African. A Nigerian government expedition found that the streets of Ife had once been paved with broken bits of pottery in herringbone patterns. This intricate mosaic work, added to the fine sculpture, suggests to experts the existence of an early African culture little suspected by brutal slave traders of the 19th century.

This collection of heads, now considered the treasure of the Nigerian government, gives a clue to that culture. L.B.

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

reader. The sign behind him proclaims: "Let us combat ignorance." The walled city of Kano, crossroad of trade routes for centuries, today boasts electric lights.

At Sapele, in the Western Region, sawmills equipped with the latest machinery handle hundreds of thousands of board feet of hardwoods, especially the richly-grained African mahoganies, every year.

The women of Oyo weave intricate textile designs from memory on hand looms. A few miles away an agricultural station labors to improve local crops, mainstay of most Nigerians.

Yoruba women, resplendent in traditional blue, crowd the Ibadan market place to display gourds full of red peppers and sorghum. In the same city, buildings of concrete, steel, and glass stand on the campus of the University College built by the British.

The island city of Lagos, former center of the slave trade, is now the capital and chief seaport. Left, freighters lie off the Lagos marina. Usually a dozen or two are anchored in the roadstead waiting to load Nigerian palm oil, cacao, and peanuts.

On the mainland opposite the island, a new port development boasts filled-in swamps, roads, and brick-stucco buildings.

In the city itself modern buildings grow. Air-conditioning is a feature of the Federal House of Representatives opened in 1952.

In the Eastern Region, palm nut gatherers take their harvest to government-sponsored plants to have the oil extracted. Hand work is dwindling.

Throughout Nigeria, modern medicine and sanitation are eliminating the tropical diseases that earned for the country the reputation, "white man's grave." Soap, textile, cement, peanut oil, and plastic factories, as well as power plants, have been constructed.

Even isolated and impoverished Fulani cattle herders, who still stage regular flogging ceremonies in the hills, are slowly resettling, with government encouragement, on richer lowlands. They plant corn, rice, sesame, and peanuts.

The government is hard-pressed to keep up with the demand for education. Enrollments continually increase. New schools spring up.

Not until 1914 were all three regions of Nigeria amalgamated under the British. Before that there had been little communication between the various peoples. With such diversity inside its boundaries, Nigeria is a nation only in so far as 45 years of English rule have made it one.

Native courts and tribal customs still rule on the local level. But in British-style regional and federal parliaments, Nigerians stage dress rehearsals for 1960 when the adolescent nation is scheduled for self-government. Out of the extreme diversity, a modern state may emerge. L.B.

Students Learned that the Congo—

- Is 77 times the size of Belgium
- Has one-and-a-half times Belgium's population
- Holds four-foot pygmies, seven-foot giants
- Is a storehouse of riches, including uranium and diamonds
- Is drained by the Congo River, which winds 2,718 miles across the country. Its basin alone equals nearly one-half the United States without Alaska

LYNNE PENN; GREGORY WALLER, RIGHT

GREG'S PAINTING (above) shows the stern-wheeler which takes us up the broad, muddy Congo River. Natives in dugout canoes paddle alongside as the big steamer prepares to stop for firewood stacked on the bank. The village as it looks from the deck is seen in Kathy's patterned design of huts and palm trees at the far left. African animals caught Lynne's fancy. Her painting (left) depicts an elephant school where a trained adult helps teach a youngster to obey the master's commands. Michael's work (center) displays a spear-carrying Watusi dancer, representative of central Africa's rich tribal life. Many other paintings were equally colorful and descriptive. Compare these with W. Robert Moore's photographs in the March, 1952, *National Geographic* and see how well these children caught the spirit of the Congo. R.G.

The Congo Comes to Horace Mann

Resourceful fourth-grade teacher brings Belgian Congo to life as her pupils paint scenes inspired by *National Geographic* pictures

KATHY LOWENTHAL, LEFT; MICHAEL BUTT

LIKE MANY TEACHERS, Mrs. Florence McGee of Washington, D. C.'s Horace Mann School solved the problem of making African peoples and places seem real by showing her students *National Geographic Magazine* color pictures. Next day they surprised her by painting from memory these imaginative, yet realistic, Belgian Congo scenes.

But the Rex family wasn't ready to leave Ethiopia yet. Mother and I were able to go along with Dad on some of his trips and we covered lots of bush, jungle, and mountains. We got acquainted with Amhars and Tigres, the ruling tribes, and with the Guragi, who do the lowliest work but make nice clean tukals—the circular huts with grass roofs seen everywhere.

We flushed wildlife at every turn. A serval cat bounded across the road in front of us. An ostrich came so close I could have reached out and touched it. On a camping trip I shot a greater bustard for food for two families. Back in the bush we came on a herd of 40 gazelles. For awhile I kept a duiker, a type of small antelope, as a pet. Also I had a dog which was part basenji. This is the African hunting breed which is supposed to be barkless, but the non-basenji part of mine had a powerful voice!

To me, the highlands of Ethiopia are prettier than the bush country. There are great mountains that look blue in the distance. In the jungles it rains 10 months a year, and vines are so thick you can hardly walk. It was real spooky after dark, especially one night when we went hunting with a light and caught the eyes of wild animals in its beam.

One other time we stopped at a high point and looked down into the famous Great Rift Valley. That's Mother nearest me in the picture below. She was my 6th grade teacher because there was no other qualified teacher available.

It was fun, after these trips, getting back to Addis Ababa and seeing its tukals spread out over green hills like a lot of separate villages. Our zebenna, or night guard, would come out of his shelter behind our house and report that everything was all right. I'd romp with my duiker and basenji and try not to think about school the next day.

We got a break when Vice President Nixon visited our school while he was the Emperor's guest. The Imperial Bodyguard Band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* for him and sounded good 'till they got to the chorus. Another big occasion was the Mescal, the festival at the end of the rainy season. Mounted warriors joust with spears like Knights of the Round Table. Then the Emperor walks three times around a bonfire and Coptic priests chant and the rainy season is supposed to end.

HARRY M. REX

I Lived in Ethiopia

By Jere Rex

HARRY M. REX

WHAT WOULD YOU think if you looked up and saw a lion loping across your schoolyard? Or if you walked down the street after school and exchanged smiles with Emperor Haile Selassie? Or if on week ends you visited camel markets and went big game hunting in the deep African bush?

I did all these things, and more, during the 5th and 6th grades while I was living in Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia. See me there among the camels? I often watched caravans of them along the highways with loads of wood piled high on their crude hide saddles. Speaking of highways, that's why I was in this faraway place. My father is a highway engineer with the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, and he was assigned to Ethiopia to help improve its roads.

You may be wondering about that lion in the schoolyard. I guess it had wandered down from the mountains. It was gone in a minute, but it and its mate stalked up and down the streets awhile and people climbed fences and screamed and ran into doorways—just about the way my neighbors back home in Maryland would have acted. I heard later that the Ethiopians were so upset because two lions had appeared on the streets just before the Italians invaded their country in 1935.

Lions remind me of the Emperor because they are Haile Selassie's symbol. But he is more loved than feared. That's a grandchild with him below. He's an absolute monarch and has the power of life and death over every subject. The natives bow in a swoop almost to the ground when his limousine passes, but they are smiling and proud to see him. Dad's native driver, Negatu, stopped and got clear out of the car to bow in the dust as His Majesty went by. We bowed, too, but not so low.

PIX

The American Community School, which I attended, was across from the Palace. The Emperor sometimes watched us play. Once when I was walking alone on the street he nodded to me and I believe he knew who I was. Later, with Dad and others, I had an audience with him. We bowed three times—at the door, halfway down the aisle, and in front of the throne. His Majesty spoke through an interpreter, but when it came my turn he took my hand and said in English, "And how do you like Ethiopia?"

"Just fine, Your Majesty," I said.

"I hope you will come back sometime."

Then we all backed out of the room.

Of the various possible ways of working toward freedom, Mboya has declared himself in favor of peaceful means. Although born in the land of the white-hating Mau Mau, Mboya says he wants all races in his country to live together as equals, under the slogan "one man, one vote." Today voting is carefully controlled to keep the white settlers in control.

Mboya's trips to the United States (he has made two) show other facets of the African situation. There is a vast reservoir of good will toward the United States in Africa. The example of the American colonies throwing off the yoke of the mother country and joining into a union inspires many leaders.

In Washington, Mboya wore a ring bearing a silhouette of the African continent—the symbol of the All-African Peoples' Congress, held last December in Accra, the capital of Ghana. The meeting, including representatives of most black African countries, called for an end of colonialism and advised African states to federate.

Among the purposes of Mboya's trip was to arouse interest in African hopes and to build up financial support for them, for the fact remains that however much political independence appeals to Africans, financial and technological independence would be disastrous. The white man has the money, the equipment, and the knowledge needed to put the continent's huge resources—in minerals, agriculture, and human beings—to use.

Help must come from the outside—and it is coming. A symbol of the rest of the world's concern with African problems is the United Nations mission to the Cameroons, shown below. The group, composed of representatives of Belgium, China, Haiti, and the United States, inspected conditions on a 3,000-mile tour. At left, the Haitian representative replies to a welcoming address made by the Chief of the Bazou, seated at right with his ceremonial cane. F.S.

UNITED NATIONS

NATIONALISM: The Rising Tide

HIS NAME is Tom Mboya.

His story can help you understand Africa; its sudden sprint into modern civilization, its boiling nationalism, its fears, hopes, and needs.

At 29, Mboya is already a potent factor in African life. By birth he is a Luo tribesman; by profession a labor leader and politician. At heart he is an African nationalist—a man who wants Africa ruled by Africans.

JIM MCNAMARA, THE WASHINGTON POST

Pondering a question at a news conference in Washington, D. C. (left), Mboya is a long way from his origins, just as Africa is a long way from what it was a quarter-century ago.

Born on an island in Lake Victoria, Mboya was the son of illiterate farm workers. He was fortunate enough to get some schooling—his first classroom was the shade of a tree; his pencil, a stick; his paper, the sand beneath his feet.

The school was operated by missionaries—who helped open Africa to white men in striving to save the souls of black men. In the process, these dedicated workers opened many minds.

Mboya went on to high school in Nairobi, capital of the British Colony of Kenya.

Just as Mboya's route away from tribal poverty was learning, so also must be Africa's. Eighty to 90 per cent of the natives cannot read or write. Education is the greatest need.

After working as a sanitary inspector in Nairobi, Mboya started his climb to power in the labor movement. He became general secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor, and an acknowledged leader of his people. Then, on a British scholarship, he studied at Oxford.

When Africans were allowed to vote for members of the Kenya Legislative Council, Mboya was swept into office as its first elected African member. His aim: to destroy the governing body for which he was chosen.

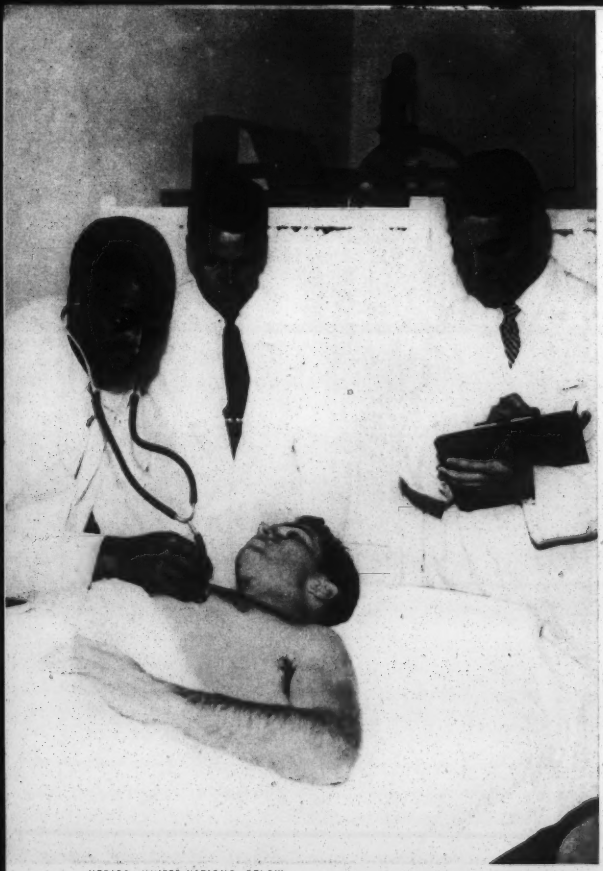
Here, Mboya symbolizes the deep desire of many Africans for complete independence. The central fact of the continent today is that 224,000,000 Africans are ruled by 6,000,000 whites.

In many cases the colonial powers say, and with truth, that the colonies are not prepared for self-government. There are no, or few, native administrators; there is no money to build the roads, railroads, dams, and other works that would make the new countries economically sound.

Many of the colonies in Africa—and Africa south of the Sahara is almost entirely made up of colonies—are being prepared for eventual freedom. The British have released their grip on Ghana and are about to let Nigeria go (see page 338).

Guinea was given the opportunity of voting itself out of the French Union, and did so. The Italians next year will give up Somalia.

These changes, and the sight of black men governing themselves, however imperfectly, stir African leaders like Mboya.



MEDICO; UNITED NATIONS, BELOW

AS EDUCATION is Africa's greatest need, disease is its greatest enemy.

A blow at both was struck this year when Dr. Mungai Njoroge (examining patient, left) returned to his native Kenya to set up a hospital with American aid.

A Kikuyu tribesman, Dr. Njoroge faced many struggles before he could bring a measure of health and enlightenment to his people.

His dream began at the age of 9, when his foot was treated by a mission doctor. The doctor showed the boy his test tubes and other equipment, and the youngster became more and more interested. He wanted to do something to relieve the extreme shortage of medical care among his people. (Africa as a whole averages one doctor to about 9,000 persons; in tropical Africa the ratio has been estimated at one doctor to 26,000 persons. For comparison, the United States has a physician for every 946 persons.)

Long struggle brought him to America—with three cents in his pocket. Hard work and generous acquaintances enabled him to graduate from Stanford University. "Medico" —Medical International Cooperation, a private American organization devoted to providing medical care to underdeveloped areas—is donating money to build a hospital and supply it with drugs and equipment. Africans in Kenya are contributing materials and labor.

Demand for education is rising like a tide across Africa, from the Union of South Africa to the Sahara; from Ethiopia to Senegal. Right, a Chief in the British Cameroons displays his prowess by reading a proclamation to his tribe. F.S.

(Write for selected list of *National Geographic Magazine* articles on Africa.)